Parties receiving this par are assured that the subscription price in all cases

ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR.

AstrangeMessage

VOL. XXXIV-NO. 34.

DORA RUSSELL.

Author of "FOOTPRINTS IN THE SNOW," "THE BROKEN SEAL," "THE VICAR'S GOVERNESS," "ANNABEL'S RIVAL."

CHAPTER L. WIFE, OR NO WIFE.

T was a great blow, and Nora realized at this moment how strong had been A her hope, and how terrible it was to her to relinquish this, though she had told herself a hundred times that she must not set her heart upon what might prove utterly delusive.

And should she see this visitor? Nora asked herself this question again and again, while a positive agony of doubt and uncertainty filled her heart. One moment she told herself that she would not | thought James Biddulph would give if I do so; the next, the overwhelming wish to know what this woman had to tell induced her to hesitate; and, finally, she decided to go downs tairs, and hear with her own ears what the "important communication" might be.

With a certain dignity and pride, of which she was unconscious, she lifted her shapely head a little higher as she descended the staircase to go to this interview. She looked a very handsome, rather haughty lady, with a flush on her usually pale cheeks as she opened the dining-room door, and walked into the room; and so the stout little woman standing there thought, examining her critically with her bold dark eyes. Nora bowed loftil /.

"You wish to see me?" she said. "If you are Miss Stewart of Rossmore, I do," answered the visitor. "I am Miss Stewart."

"In that case I wish to have a talk with you. You are the ady who was going to marry James Biddulph last winter?"

"When"-and the woman gave a sort of laugh-"some one unexpectedly appeared and put an end to his love-making! Mind, I was sorry for him; he at least believed his wife to be dead, and that he was free to marry any one he had a fancy to. Now, the question is, was she dead, or was she not?" Nora slightly started; her face flushed

deeply and her lips trembled 'Are you," she asked, fixing her dark eyes on the unlovely visage before her, 'the woman who went to him on the night before what was to have been our

"Yes, I went to him; but I did not know till I got to this place that he was going to be married the next day. And offered, for a certain sum, not to disturb the happy pair, nor interfere with the wedding;" and again she laughed. "But my gentleman did the high and haughty; he went and told you; he put off the marriage, and dragged one poor woman out of her grave, to compare her with another poor woman who some-

"I-I do not understand you!" "The truth is, it all hangs on a question of money, Miss Stewart. I suppose you still wish to marry James Biddulph. "How dare you ask me such a question," answered Nora, with quivering lips and

kindling eyes, "you who parted us!" "Yes, I parted you, but if you make it worth my while-well that parting can soon be ended. You know the story, of course; how James Biddulph married long ago one of twin-sisters so like each other that there was, in fact, no difference between them? He tired of his wife, and left her and when he got his uncle's money she came down here to ask for her income to be increased, and he consented to this on the condition that his marriage should

be kept a secret still?" "I know all this," said Nora, forcing herself to speak - "all the shameful

"Yes, shameful to your ears, no doubt," retorted the woman bitterly, "who were born in a good position, and of good fortune, and to whom men make honorable love! But what about a woman born of low estate, with no money, and whom Mr. James Biddulph tried to make a foor ofonly she was too clever? There are two sides to every question, young lady, and perhaps my story-or my sister's story, as the case may be-was as shameful to James Biddulph as it was to the poor

woman he married and forsook." "I will not discuss it," said Nora tremling with emotion. "If you came here only to talk of Mr. Biddulph thus, I should rather you would go away.'

"I don't wish particularly to talk of him, nor abuse him, for that matter. Other men have tired of their wives before him, and other men will tire after him; and my only reason for naming so common an occurrence is that it bears upon the little business between you and me; if Mr. James Biddulph had lived with his wife, you, in all probability, would never have wasted a thought upon him. However, there it is. He did tire of her; and after he believed that he had got rid of her for good, he was going to marry you, until she, or her likeness in

is better to speak the truth." "The truth!" repeated Nora, with heav-

"Ah, that's my secret!" and she laughed her shrill laugh. "Come, young lady, I'll be honest with you, though you may despise and scorn me as you like. What would you give-I mean, how much money-to know that James Biddulph was free to marry-that his wife in reality

"How much money!" cried Nora, pas-sionately. "Everything I have—every penny-to know that-that this miserable tie was ended forever!"

"He is so much to you as that?" said the woman, looking at Nora's excited face, "Ah, it's a queer thing, love! I don't want everything you have, though—you sturdy, rough, chestnut-coated pony, acmonth or two of marriage. No, I shall be reasonable. If you and he between you will make up ten thousand pounds, I will wear I am not his wife, that I took him and that-his wife"-for a moment she hesitated-"is lying here in the grave-

"But-but is this true?" asked Nora, in broken voice. "You are not deceiving other wave of the red sun shade, and a enced Nora that her own hopes began to e for money, as you deceived him, are ? Oh, think what this is to me! You, nan-surely you must know!"

wrung her hands together in the exty of her excitement and doubt, and nced walking with hasty and irsteps up and down the room, and nan's eyes followed her.

ere is he?" she asked presently. re?" said Nora, stopping abruptly.

Again the doctor moved uneasily, shown as gone to Monte Carlo to seek his head, and cleared his throat.

"Yer not down here again on any

him, and his lawyer told him you were there, and he followed you."

"So I was there," and the woman shrugged her shoulders, "until ten days ago; but I've the worst luck that ever a poor sou! had, I believe! Everything goes wrong with me, that's the truth, Miss Stewart. And so James Biddulph has gone to seek me? He'll be more anxious to make a bargain, then, than he was before?"

"He wants but to know the truth," said Nora, eagerly, "and I but want to know it. If you want money you shall have it, her, that's all," answered Madame de Bebut, for God's sake, do not deceive us ranger; and her eyes fell.

Her voice trembled with the earnestness and passion of her soul, and for a moment the bold black eyes fixed upon moment the bold black eyes fixed upon words ve promised never to speak again, her changing face fell, and her visitor when I gat the money for ye fra' Mr. Bidmoved uneasily. The next, however, the | dulph' woman looked up again.

"Did the old doctor that lives down here," she asked, "ever tell you of a cer- gave the red sunshade an angry shake. tain conversation that he and I had on this same subject?"

"Dr. Alexander? No, never."

"Yet the 'canny' Scot and I talked it over. I asked him then how much he and said some hard words which I need not repeat. It ended by him promising to try to get some money for me, which he did, and I went away. But, as I tell you, things have gone wrong with me since then; in fact, I am ready to make a bargain-to swear, if you like, that I deceived Biddulph, but I must have the money down before I do this." Again Nora fixed her eyes on the

woman's face, while a rush of conflicting leaving the poor doctor gazing after her emotions swept through her heart—revul-sion, disgust that such a being could live; "Ay, she's an ill tike!" he thought distorted to tell her that he wou that there was standing before her one ready to sell her honor, even her soul! She would swear either way for the highest price, and on such a creature's oath depended the happiness of two lives. "I-I-will send for Mr. Biddulph," at length faltered Nora. "Until then, what

"All right; send for him, and name the price. I've doubled it since I was here your marriage; but then Biddulp said I was sure to come back again-and perhaps he was right!" And once more she laughed.

"But," said Nora, moved past ordinary control by these shameless words, "do you not think all this dreadful-most dreadful? I know nothing of your past life; I judge alone by your own words. And how can you utter them-how degrade yourself so far!"

The dark face of the woman she ad-

dressed flushed with sudden anger. "It's easy talking," she answered passionately-"easy for such as you to air fine ideas and lead straight lives-you, who have everything you want for asking, keep body and soul together by sin or No, you know nothing of my past life, and the less you know the better, perhaps: you had best send for your housemaid after I am gone, to brush your carpet, lest some of the dust fallen from my feet should chance to stain it!"

She poured forth these words with ex- as she spoke. traordinary volubility and indignation, and stood there defiantly, even while proclaiming what she was.

"We could all be good women, I dare say," she went on scornfully, "if we had | der." the means to pay for the luxury; though not set us poor ones a very good example. | into her heart. But what is the good of talking thus? We must take the world as we find it, and saints and sinners are very much the | to do wi' her, Miss Stewart." same, to my mind; for instance, you like James Biddulph, yet-

"I beg you not to mention him," interrupted Nora. "I will let him know what you have said; and now this conversation

"Which means, politely, you had better go away. Well, I can take a hint as well as my betters, so I shall go." "And where," asked Nora, shrinking from the question, yet feeling the neces-

sity of making it, "will you stay-until-

Mr. Biddulph comes?" "At the little inn at Balla, close here, where I have been before. But I won't have to wait long, I expect," she added with a coarse laugh; "James Biddulph will soon arrive on the wings of love, and, until then, I shall say good day to you; but remember my terms, mind." And

she nodded and went away. She left Nora in an almost indescribable state of mind. Her horror of this woman, her shrinking from the thought that she could ever have been Biddulph's wife, was very great, and gradually it seemed to her that he never could have married her; that this must be the other sister-the viler sister-that had planned to deceive Biddulph-who had deceived him; and in that case, if she could prove this, he was free!

And the sudden joy which had swept over her when she had first heard of Biddulph's doubts on board the steamer, now stole back to her heart, and the color to her cheeks. What was any sum of money in comparison to this precious knowledge? Ten thousand pounds! Nora remembered her Aunt Bessie's legacy, and thought how easily this money could be paid, and how the shape of her twin sister, stepped in, and the marriage was stopped. You look very much shocked, Miss Stewart, but it gram—and began to count the days when gladly. Then she sent a telegram to Bidit would be possible for him to answer it

in person. ing breast. "What is the truth, then? In the meanwhile, it was naturally Are you Mr. Biddulph's wife, or are you much talked of in the little village of Balla, the return of the lady who had called herself the wife of Mr. Biddulph of Dunbaan, and whose former visit or visits there had been fraught with such momen-

tous consequences. The doctor heard "the leedy" was back again, and groaned in spirit at the news, which he shrewdly guessed boded ill for Miss Leonora Stewart's peace of mind. And Alick Fraser heard it and smiled, and Jock heard it and sighed, and the Rev. Andrew Macdonald wondered whether it was his duty to call upon her, partly from spiritual, and partly from temporal mo-

One day the doctor, mounted on his Beranger waved her red sun shade in token of recognition, and smiled and nodded, while the doctor, after a moment's hesitation, pulled up and nodded in return.

"So yer back?" he said laconically. "The proverbial fate of the bad penny, you know," laughed the woman, with anmerry glance of the bold, dark eyes. "And how wags the world with you, my good friend, the country doctor?" "As well as I deserve, I dare say," answered, moving his somewhat ungainly form uneasily; "that's what we mostly get, I think, ma'am."

"Then I must be a very bad lot, for illluck follows me, and no mistake!' Again the doctor moved uneasily, shook

believe that you had deceived | business, I hope, are ye?" he asked.

"I came down to have a talk with James | their handwriting had been absolutely the | went on Biddulph; "judge between she Biddulph. There's no harm in that, is

there? "Maybe there's not; I canna' take upon mysel' to say. "But Miss Stewart tells me he's at Monte Carlo-gone to seek me there-and I'm waiting on in this lively spot till he re-

"Miss Stewart!" repeated the doctor, 'You've not been troubling Miss Leonora Stewart, surely!' "I'd business with her; I called upon

"Ma'am, ye've not broke yer solemn promise, surely?" said the doctor sternly. 'Ye've not game to her wi' the lying

"My good friend, mind your own business-that's my advice to you!" And she

of any honest mon! Did ye not promise truth poor Natalie who was shot in the me not to come here to disturb the young one until I find her, and no doubt she one until I find her, and no doubt she "The young leedy as you call her, seems very well able to take care of herself, and were to stand up and say I had been hum-bugging him and that his wife was dead. But the old doctor read me a fine lecture your head about her; leave us to make our own bargains and settle our own affairs.

> "I believe ye're after na gude. If aught I say can ha' any influence wi' "It has none," laughed the woman, as the doctor paused. "There—don't begin to preach! Good day to you; I'm tired of standing;" and again she waved the red sunshade, again nodded, and went on,

Some day, maybe, we'll astonish you."

consolately. "She's gane to Miss Leonora Stewart for na gude, I'm certain; and the puir lassie wi' name to gi' her counsel. I'll away mysel' and see what the hussy has been up to;" and as he came to this conclusion, the doctor turned his pony's head in the direction of Rossmore, and, having arrived there, found Nora looking, he thought, excited and anxious.

He sat down and said very little, for he last. I offered to take five thousand was thinking how he could broach such a pounds to go away and say nothing to in- painful and delicate subject; but after a fell. "Doctor-" she began, and then hesitated; "I wish to ask you about something-to tell you of a strange visitor who

came here the other day." "Ay," answered the doctor, nodding his head gravely. "Have you heard," went on Nora, with deep blush, "that the woman who-who

called herself Mr. Biddulph's wife is down here again?" "Ay," again said the doctor, with another nod. "I've just met her, and was sare grieved to see her face."

"Did she tell you anything?" asked Nora, eagerly. "She told me that she had once spoken to you-about"-and Nora's and have no pity for those who have to | breath came short-"a doubt which has crept lately, too, into Mr. Biddulph's mind. He thinks he may have been deceivedthat this is not the woman he married, but the twin-sister." Nora forced out these words in dis-

> the doctor's face, who looked sadly down | depended upon it.' "She's na gude," he said, with a solemn shake of his head; "she's a lying tongue of her ain, Miss Stewart, and wad sell her vera soul, I believe, if she could get a bid-

"Then you think-" faltered Nora, with some of those who have, to be sure, do | a chill feeling of disappointment creeping "I think she's come here for money, and

will say anything to get it. Ha' naught "But," said Nora, rising excitedly, "you said these two-the dead and living sister -were so like each other, no one could tell the difference. You told Lady Barbara this. What if she deceived James, then—if it is his wife who is really dead? Oh, doctor, think what this would be to

She stood before him with clasped hands and pale, parted lips, and the doc-

tor's small eyes grew full of pity.
"My dear young leedy—" he began. and then paused; he was, in truth, afraid to speak, for he saw how deeply Nora was

"It was Lady Barbara herself," she continued a moment later-"and you know how shrewd she is-who first put the idea into Mr. Biddulph's mind that he had been deceived. And why should he not have been, doctor? Was it not more likely that the wife should come down to see him than that she should send her sister? I cannot but think that the man who broke off our marriage, who made all this misery, was the twin-sister

whom James had never seen." "Yet she swore she was the wife in the house of God, Miss Stewart," said the doctor, with a sort of solemnity stealing in his voice, "there, wi' her dead sister lying before her; and I looked in her face and believed she was speaking the truth, and I believe it now."

"But it is impossible to say---' "It is impossible, na doot; for these two -the living and the dead-were cast, seemingly, in the same mold. But true words ha' a ring in them that false ones ha' not, and it seems to me-"

"Yet," interrupted Nora, almost impatiently, as the doctor hesitated, "Mr. Biddulph has begun to doubt, and Lady Barbara doubted, and I own that I do.' The doctor gave a sort of groan, and

again shook his head. Then he rose and held out his large bony hand. "It's a bad business fra' first to last," he there is anything I can do for ye, just drop me a line.

"We must wait until Mr. Biddulph returns; but I cannot help thinking you may be mistaken." "Ah, poor lassie," thought the kindly doctor, after he had taken leave of her,

and was wending his way among the hills, "it's hard to dash her hopes and his, for it's plain to see what their hearts are set That vile hussy will name a price, and he'll be ready to pay it. God help them, for it's a sare strait!"

> CHAPTER LL. THE HANDWRITING.

It was but natural that this interview with the doctor should only further unsettle and disturb Nora's mind. She saw very plainly that he firmly believed this woman to be Biddulph's wife, and that her only motive for hinting at any doubt of this was to gain a large sum of money, which she believed that Biddulph would now be ready to pay.

The doctor's earnestness so far influwane, and a great sadness crept over her. It was like a second bitter disappointment, though she had always told herself to expect nothing. And another fact also she could not ignore, which was that the letter she had received long ago was evidently written in the same handwriting as the last one, and this was doubtless strong confirmation of the doctor's belief; for though these two sisters might have been personally so like that no one could tell the difference between them, it would have been more extraordinary still if

And she knew how bitterly, too, Bidwriting to tell him what the doctor had said. No answer had come to her telegram to Monte Carlo; but the day after Dr. Alexander had called she received a etter from Biddulph, dated from Paris, whither he had gone in search of Mme. de Beranger, as he found she had left Monte believed to have proceeded to Paris. he has to say. Don't distress yourself In this letter Biddulph seemed full thus, my poor girl." of hope; he told Nora that Mme. One man he had met remembered the twin- | drew her closer to him. sisters, whose likeness to each other was so remarkable that they were said some-

will be ready for money to tell the truth, and then what is there to part us?" Only a terrible uncertainty of what was the truth, Nora's heart answered to this question. This woman was ready to swear she was not Biddulph's wife if she were sufficiently paid for doing so; but a false oath would not undo the marriage. It was a terrible position Nora felt; yet when she answered Biddulph's letter she had not strength of mind to tell him of the doctor's words. She told him what the woman had said, or at least she partly told him, and she urged him to come at once to Scotland, "for this uncertainty is too

times to personate each other. "In fact, my dear Nora," wrote Biddulph, "I be-

lieve now that this wretched woman ut-

terly deceived me, and that it was in

Biddulph's reply to this was a telegram to tell her that he would be with her the next day. And he came late in the eveni,ng looking worn and pale, for he was not sufficiently recovered for hasty traveling. They clasped each other's hands, and for a few moments looked mutely into each other's eyes, both recalling the intense anxiety which filled their hearts.

At last Biddulph spoke. "So she is here." he said; "and you have seen her?" "Yes," answered Nora, and her eyes

posed upon. I shall see her in the morning and force her to speak the truth." "Oh, if we could but know it!" said Nora, almost passionately. "James, I don't know-I cannot satisfy myself-Dr. Alexander believes this woman is your

"What can he know about it?" Nora clasped her handstogether in great

"It seems," she said, "that she spoke to him when she was down there beforethat she made a sort of offer then, and asked Dr. Alexander how much he thought you would give her if she were to stand up and swear that she had deceived you, and that she was not your wife. But the doctor did not believe her-does not believe her now.

"But what right," answered Biddulph, in quick anger, "had Alexander to keep such an offer to himself-to give me no jointed sentences, with her eyes fixed on hint of this, when he knew how much

"He thought it was just for money, I suppose; he did not, perhaps, wish to disturb your mind-or mine. "But he had no right to think anything of the kind! Good heavens, Nora, what

months of misery we might have been spared had I known this! Of course this is Natalie's twin sister, then; she would not have made such an offer unless she "But-but, James, there is another thing," said Nora, in a faltering voice-

"something which makes me afraid, uncertain. You remember the letter I got when I first knew you, the letter to warn me-before the woman died in the Glen, you know? The letter I got the other day was written in the same handwriting, and in this case-"

Biddulph's face grew blank and dark. "Is this so?" he said abruptly. "Let me see these letters, Nora.' "Yes;" and she left the room to get

them. And when she returned the frown was still on Biddulph's brow. He took them from her hand and laid them side by side, as she had done. They were seemingly written by one person; there was a little difference here and there, as we see in the same handwriting, and Biddulph noted this as he eagerly scanned the lines. And he thought, too, at this moment of letters he had received long ago-love letters at first, which had grown colder and colder, which appar-

ently also were written by the same hand. "This proves nothing," he said. "This woman told me when she came that night-the night before our wedding daythat she wrote the letters when her sister, as she pretended, came down here; yet one of these letters was written from the little inn at Balla the day before Natalie was shot. They probably were taught at the same school and wrote the same handwriting, just as they were alike in everything.

"Still-" began Nora, who was pale and trembling. "Nora, will you risk nothing?" inter-rupted Biddulph, in a voice of passionate reproach. "If this woman is ready to swear she is not my wife, and never was my wife, is not that enough? I am

not so hard to convince.' "But-but, James, just think-suppose it is a lie-suppose we were married and happy, and she came again, and said it was a lie?" And Nora put her hand over her face, and tears rushed into her

"Perhaps you would leave me?" said Biddulph, half bitterly. "What could I do?" answered Nora, with a sob. "Oh, James, let us be sure; try to trace but her life-don't only bewould do anything for money, or say anything; and it's so strange about the

Nora completely broke down as she uttered the last words, and sobs she could not restrain choked her utterance. The sight of her grief moved Biddulph, and his expression, which had been moody enough, changed and softened.

"Forgive me," he said, and he took her hand. "I shall seek Alexander and make every inquiry that I can. Don't think I am quite selfish, Nora; but I really believe this woman is nothing to me-that it was a clever scheme which she was able to carry out by her extraordinary likeness to her dead sister.'

"But Dr. Alexander said she swore when her dead sister lay before her in the kirk at Balla," answered Nora in a broken voice; "surely, there, she would not take a false oath?"

"How many are taken there Nora" How many women go into churches and take false oaths, and how many men? What was a false oath to a woman like her, who has lived a long life of deceit and lies? Ah, my dear, you know nothing of such lives, and I thank God!" Nora did not speak; she stood there before him, with heaving breast and throb-

bing heart. "You shall judge for yourself, Nora,"

and I. If she is ready to swear what I believe to be the truth-that she is no dulph would feel all this, and shrank from | wife of mine-I will bring her here, and you shall hear the words from her own

"Oh, don't ask me to judge, James!" cried Nora, piteously; "I dare not. Ask Dr. Alexander, Jock Fraser-any one but

"Well, I can ask Mr. Fraser. I shall go Carlo before he had arrived there, and was to Alexander's house now, and hear what

Again he took her hand, and again they de Beranger was well known looked into each other's faces as they had at the gaming tables, and had done when they had first met. Then lately lost large sums of money there. Biddulph put his arm round her and "It would be hard to part now, wouldn't

it!" he said. "Yes," she half whispered. "And I don't believe we shall do so. We have had enough misery, have we

not, Nora!"

"Yes, yes, indeed!" "You must take courage. I shall see you again in the morning, and I shall see this wretched woman and Alexander, and I am quite ready to pay her price if she work, but I shall essay to point will swear to the truth, and swear never out some of the more prominent features to go back from it.'

"About money, James-I almost forgot," said Nora, putting her hand to her brow, as if trying to think. "Aunt Bessie, you know, left me £15,000 which has never been touched. I do not want it." "You are a rich young woman," an-

money, I think; and now, good night." He then left her; but, long and late after he was gone, Nora sat thinking. It seemed to her there could be no certainty, no dependence on an oath which was to be bought.

(To be continued next week.)

THE WATERLOO BALL.

An English Student Apparently Locates the [London Telegraph.

At length the researches of Sir William Fraser have been rewarded. During his recent visit he ascertained that the site of the duke of Richmond's temporary domicile at Brussels was now covered by a large hospital in the Rue des Cendres, one of the wings of which is the original fabric; but neither here nor in the garden beyond was there any trace of a ball room. The indefatigable baronet, determined not to be baffled, pursued his investigations until he observed, beyond the hospital wall, the roof of a high building, which he was informed was the brewery of the Rue de la Blanchisserie. He walked round to the brasserie" in question; but the proprietor could tell him nothing about any terpsichorean doings there in the year 1815. His father, he said, had purchased the property of a coachbuilder named Van Asch, and his depot for carriages was now histhe brewer's-granary. This room he courteously offered to show to his visitor, who was conducted to an apartment 120 feet long, fifty-four feet broad, and about thirteen feet high, the floor being quite smooth enough, even after this long lapse of time, to be danced upon. On the night of the 15th of June, 1815, the "parquet" was, in all probability, chalked in a symmetrical and particolored pattern.

In any case, Sir William Fraser seems to have conclusively made out his contention that the "Waterloo Ball" was held in the carriage depot of the coach-builder Van Asch, now the granary of the "brasserie" Vanginderachter, Nos. 42 and 43 Rue de la Blanchisserie, Brussels; and the public are indebted to the baronet for a longneeded and vainly-sought-for piece of information. The doubt which for so many years has enveloped the question is not, after all, so very incomprehensible. The coach-builder's warehouse was evidently used as an "annex" to the Duke of Richmond's house; and, considering that there were some four hundred guests at the ball, most of whom may have been almost strangers to their noble host and hostess, it is quite feasible that the majority of the company never troubled their heads for a moment as to whether the capacious but low-roofed ball-room was part and parcel of their entertainers', or whether it belonged to some contiguous premises, of which opportunity had been taken, just as the promoters of the tea party to Messrs. Smith O'Brien and Meagher, in 1848, "by the Shannon Shore," "took the

opportunity of Tom Doolan's store." But there is one other point touching this memorable festival, which, could Sir William Fraser clear it up, would entitle him to still greater meed of gratitude at the hands of his contemporaries. Napoleon's carriage, captured by the Prussians after Waterloo, and now at Madame Tussaud's, was built at Brussels. Was it built by Van Asch, who seemingly was a leading "carrossier" of the period? question is worth asking; for when Byron, after his separation from his wife, started on that which was virtually Childe Harorld's pilgrimage, he purchased at Brussels a traveling carriage, which was the exact counterpart of the one made for Napoleon the Great. If Mynheer Van Asch was the maker, the poet, in all probability, visited the depot in the Rue de la Blanchisserie, which only recently has been used as a ball-room; and in that long, low apartment, converted by poetic license into a "high hall," he might have felt the first inspiration for one of the most magnificent of his lyrical achieve-

> War Taxes. [N. Y. Times.]

only "war taxes" that remain. The Randall papers say: "Remove the war taxation." aning the taxes on whisky and tobacco. "We suppose," said the Sun a few days ago, "that the voters will prefer to have lieve her word! Dr. Alexander said she the war taxes wiped out first. After would do anything for money, or say the internal revenue has been extinguished the majority of voters will be prepared to attend to the revision of the tariff." And hand-writing. I am afraid-afraid to many other papers that support the Chicago free whisky and higher tariff platform are equally misleading and dishonest in their use of the term "wartaxes." For example, the ture in Indiana. They did not claim that "Talk about abolishing the war taxes! The internal revenue taxes are the war taxes, and they are burdensome." We say they make a dishonest use of the term, because they know very well, being familiar with the history of the tariff, that a considerable and the "infant industries" received the part of the duty imposed by the present tariff benefits. The natural result of it was that laws was imposed during the war to compensate the domestic manufacturer for the extraordinary internal taxes which he was compelled then to pay. They know that those internal taxes on all sorts of manufactured goods were long ago swept away, and that the portion of the tariff duty that should have been swept away at the same time, still remains. It is that part of the tariff duty which is emphatically a with the neighborhood of to-day." It is war tax."

> Six Gems of Thought. A good word is as soon said as an ill one,-

Truth makes the tongue smart.-German Eat bread at pleasure, drink wine by measare. - French Proverb When the hen crows and the cock is mute

there is little peace.—Italian Proverb.

A house filled with guests is eaten up and spoken of .- Spanish Proverb. He who is of no use to himself is of no sny one .- Danish Proverb.

EXPERIENCE OF ONE HUNDRED YEARS High Wages in the Early Days Before We Had Manufactures and a "Home Market"-Tippecanoe Harrison's Fight for

Slavery-An Historical Review.

On July 4 of next year one hundred years will have elapsed since the first tariff law of the United States was passed. Since that time we have had a wide variety of tariff legislation, and have had opportunity to test our progress under almost every imaginable rate of tariff duties that could be framed for the purpose of "proought to enable us to form some reasonable conclusion as to the merit of the various systems. Of course, to work, but I shall essay to point they were yet young men." of the historical effects of the tariff, and the conclusions which should be drawn from them, as they have appeared in the decreased, and, with all the additions

state of Indiana. A formal provision of government was made for the region including Indiana in swered Biddulph, trying to speak lightly and smiling. "We can manage about the in our settlements until 1790 and the next in our settlements until 1790, and the next five years were so occupied with Indian wars that very little immigration to our borders occurred. In the five years following many people came over the Alle-ghenies to the Ohio valley, but only a small part of them located in our section, so that in 1800 there were less than 2,500 people in the whole region now comprised in the state of Indiana. The civil and political development of our commonwealth may be said, therefore, to have begun practically with the organization of

Indiana territory, in the year 1800. The tariff laws of the United States had no effect on our early settlers. Until 1803 the country west of the Mississippi, and about its mouth, belonged to Spain, and almost all the trade of the scattered popu lation was with the Spaniards at New Orleans, or with various nations of the Antilles and other islands. No custom houses were maintained on the Mississippi, and consequently our people had practical free trade. They had no manufacturing interests, except so far as their construction of rude articles for their own use may be called manufacture. Strange to relate, with no manufactures, no home market, and no other blessings were very good-better, indeed, than in the country east of the Allegheny mountains, where a protective tariff averaging about 18 per cent. ad valorem was in force. A petition from sundry inhabitants, in 1796, represents this as a country "where laborers cannot be procured to assist in cultivating the ground under \$1 per day, exclusive of washing, lodging and boarding; and where every kind of tradesmen are paid from a dollar and a-half to two dollars per day." [American State Papers, Public

Lands, vol. 1, p. 60.] This state of affairs was very unsatisfactory to the richer portion of the people who employed laborers, and therefore they asked that congress would amend the ordinance of 1787, which was the fundamental law of the territory, so that they might bring slaves here, and this question was soon the great political question in Indiana. Until the territory became a state, in 1816, national politics counted for very little. The people of the territory were all members of the pro-slavery party, which wanted to bring slavery into Indiana, or of the antislavery party, which desired to keep it out. The first named party was commonly called "the Virginia Aristocrats;" its head man was Gov. William Henry Harrison. The other party called itself "the People," and its leader was Jonathan Jennings. The pro-slavery party was overcome; Indiana became a free state, and Jonathan Jennings became its first governor. An interesting article on Gov. Jennings will be found in the Indianapolis Journal of Aug. 26, 1888, and the recommendation there made that a monument be erected to him should be adopted, for he conferred a great benefit on the state by defeating the advocates of slavery.

From 1800 the immigration grew rapidly and the country began to assume the appearance of civilization. There was a great deal of hard work to be done. Very few people now-a-days have any comprehension of the toil and hardship involved in moving into a heavily wooded country, such as Indiana was, clearing farms, building houses and fences, and getting a start in life. Probably the best description of all this that has been written will be found in a series of articles by Judge D. D. Banta of Franklin, which were printed in the Indianapolls News at intervals from May 30 to July 20 of the present year. They refer particularly to the settlement of that part of Indiana known as the New Purchase, but there was very little difference in the pioneer life of the various portions of the state so far as labor and hardship were concerned. The forest was to be cutaway and burned, and beneath the trees was "a dense thicket of spice-wood, hazel, green briers, young saplings and other underbrush, and underneath that down trees, scarcely less numerous than the standing, lay rotting in the dank soil." After putting in the Those who would save the present tariff day at cleaning land, the honest toiler rates at any cost persistently declare that the internal taxes on whisky and tobacco are the supper of corp bread and bacon and supper of corn bread and bacon and passed the night in trying to keep warm in winter or fighting mosquitoes in summer. If he had bad luck with his crops he ate acorns instead of corn bread.

In these good old times the government was taxing the people by its tariff laws to build up the "infant industries" of the country, or rather a part of them, for it did not seem to take much interest in building up the infant industry of agricul-Cincinnati Commercial Gasette recently said: | the tariff was for the protection of American labor in those days, and no one would have believed it if they had. So all of along with. As Judge Banta records it, there was usually about one handsaw, one cross-saw, one broad-ax, one auger, one chisel and one drawing-knife to not very remarkable that one man should have planted his corn crop with a shovel and another with an ax, as our chronicles informs us they did; and it must be gratifying to remember that these men had duly paid the tariff tax on the ax and shovel when they bought them, and so aided in the patriotic work of building up the infant iron industry of Pennsylvania, and the manufacturing industries of New

It must be admitted that the great protective system encouraged "home indus-

INDIANA AND THE TARIFF. try" in Indiana also. It made a woolen and linen manufacturer of every woman in the country. The good wife backled, spun and wove the flax; washed, dved spun and wove the wool. Then she made the clothing, knit the stockings, and put in her spare time patching and mending, "What toil was hers, to be sure! There was no season of the year marking the end of her labors. No days of bad weather gave her rest-not even the night could she call her own, for long after she had put her children to sleep she patched and darned at their worn and fraved clothes. Even when she went to drink tea and gossip with a neighbor, she carried her knitting or sewing. Only when her hand had lost its cunning from old age, or was palsied in death, did she find rest." The men were not so constantly busy, but their work was harder. Their shoulders bent tecting home industries." It would seem | early under their load, and their trames that ninety-nine years of experience yielded to the strain in the prime of an ordinary life. Judge Banta reports, as the result of his investigation, that of the pioneers of his section "all save one or two had died under fifty years of age. do this in detail would be an enormous They had grown to be old men while

It is interesting to remember that during the years that tariff taxation was adding to the burdens of these people wages did not increase. On the contrary, they to the efficacy of labor by our machinery and other invented devices, wages are now very little above the standard complained of by the pro-slavery people before the tariff began to affect Indiana. People sometimes talk as though there was no tariff before the war of the rebellion, and speak of wages then as "free trade" wages, but that is not true. There has been a tariff ever since 1789, and though it was sometimes increased and sometimes decreased, it was substantially an increasing tariff until 1846. From that time to 1860 it was decreasing, and we will consider the results of the decrease hereafter.

J. P. DUNN, JR. Indianapolis, Sept. 17.

A NOTABLE CONVERT. A Republican of Much Prominence Swells

the Rapidly Growing List. [Bloomington Bulletin.] C. W. Bliss of Hillsboro, Ill., has heretofore been a republican, but free whisky and high tax on the necessities of life proved too much for him, and he has declared for Cleveland and reform. In a letter to the Edwardsville Intelligencer he gives the reasons for the faith that is in

him as follows: I do not consider that I have "forsaken the ideas of republicanism," and have not been making democratic speeches-that is, not publicly, at least. Both parties have agreed, it seems, for the first time in their history, to go protective tariff, wages to the people on one issue only. The demotatif in such a direction as will least injure the industries of the country. The republican party, manipulated as it was by McKinley, Kelley & Co., blundered upon a most astounding and, to my mind, an unrepublican declaration on this question. I venture to assert that the tariff and free-whisky plank in the republican platform does not voice the sentiment of one republican in five hundred, especially in the West. It is wholly at variance with the teachings and traditions of the republican party.

The pledges made in their platform of 1

they have forgotten or purposely violated. The republican minority in the lower house of congress have pursued a vicious policy of obstruction to all tariff-reform measures. They have contemptuously ignored the demands of the great agricultural West for a reduction of an unneccessary and unjust war tax, and have added insult to injury by declaring in their platform that before they will consent to a removal of these burdens they will flood the country with free whisky. The moonshiner who skulks in the shadows of Tennessee, Virginia or North Carolina may indorse such a sentiment, but the law-abiding farmer of the West, to whom whisky and tobacco are not necessities, and whose burdens of taxation the republican party promised to lighten four years ago, will enter a protest that will be felt next

of free trade, the republican leaders have plunged into the Charybdis whirlpool of free whisky. I am not in accord with the sentiments as expressed in the Chicago platform, and in this particular am in the same boat with thousands of whilem republicans. I regard the Mills bill as a safe, conservative and neces-sary measure, and should rejoice to see it pass the senate. If holding these views subjects me to the charge of a lack of fealty to the republican party, I cannot help it. I confidently look for a revolt among the thinking republicans of the West of no small magnitude when they fully realize the dilemma into which the

WHO WANT TAXED WOOL? Not the Wool Growers, as Shown by the Record. [Philadelphia Times-ind.]

leaders of their party have blundered.

Texas has 4,500,000 sheep and her entire delegation in congress-eleven in all-voted for Pennsylvania has 950,000 sheep and cast twenty votes against the free-wool tariff and six in favor of it. Michigan has 2,100,000 sheep and cast five

votes for the free-wool tariff and six against it.

Rhode Island has 20,000 sheep and east her

solid vote of two against a free-wool tariff, Minnesota has 300,000 sheep and cast four votes, including one republican, for a free-wool tariff, and one against it. Missouri has 1,100,000 sheep and cast twelve votes for a free-wool tariff and two against it.

Massachusetts has 60,000 sheep and cast

eight votes against a free-wool tariff and four Georgia has 500,000 sheep and cast a solid vote of ten in favor of a free-wool tariff. Maine has 500,000 sheep and east a solid vote of four against a free-wool tariff.

North Carolina has 500,000 sheep and east seven votes for a free wool tariff and two New Hampshire has 200,000 sheep and cast a solid vote of two against a free wool tariff. Tennessee has 500,000 sheep and cast eight votes for a free wool tariff and two against it. Indiana has 1,000,000 sheep and cast six votes for a free wool tariff and seven against it.

"Illinois has 800,000 sheep and cast fourteen votes against a free wool tariif and six in its Arkansas has 220,000 sheep and cast a solid vote of five in favor of a free wool tariff. Alabama has 300,000 sheep and cast a solid vote of eight in favor of a free wool tariff. These facts, exhibited by the vote on the new tariff bill in the house on Saturday, certainly show that the demand for taxed wool does not come from the wool growers, but from partisan demands for taxes on the necessaries of life to

One Victim of the High Tariff.

sustain monopoly control of taxation upon

Israel G. Whitney, Merchandise national bank: He did not hesitate to declare what his political affiliations had been and were. He was a convert from republicanism to the sup-port of Mr. Cleveland in 1884—"a mugwump then, if you will," he added, "but an out-and out democrat now, and made one by the polities of the parties in regard to the tariff." Through the high protective tariff he had seen his business as a foreign importer—the business of Whitney Bros. & Co., Boston and Calcuttacrippled and diminished until it was nearly ruined. If the retort should be made—it often was made-that a true policy was one which protected those engaged in domestic industries and not in foreign importations, he would reply that he and thousands of others in the United States, occupied with a similar business, had at least some claim to consideration; and moreover, he and they had been extensive owners of vessels, which now, because of the protective tariff, had rotted in idleness. He also held the protective tariff responsible for the existence of huge and in equitable monopolies like the sugar trust. For such reasons he was a tariff reformer and a democrat full-fledged, because it was the democratic party which sought to reduce the pariff,